

ILL BILL & VINNIE PAZ



Keeper of the Seven Keys by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Keeper of the Seven Keys

[Intro]

Yeah, Heavy Metal Kings

Brrrat, brrrat

ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz

Yo C-Lance this beat's monster!

[Chorus: Raekwon sample]

Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists

Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists

Masks on, second floor, dun yo, I handle this

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

When y'all was fucking around with Bush I was running with Saddam

Puffing on the kush and building with the imam

The only thing you motherfuckers set was the alarm

I'm stronger than the motherfucking Tet in Vietnam

Whoever wanna knuckle up will be deformed

Praying to the altar of the church and reading psalms

I don't mean weapons when I say that I'm dealing arms

I chop a motherfucking body up and feed the dogs

Me and BILLY ain't even deities we the gods

You a faggot, we the OGs that's in the yard

Only a select few believe in Fard

The rest gonna meet with Shaitan to bleed and starve

Left hook astronomy, you seeing stars

If I ain't in the studio drunk I be in bars

BILL buck-fifty this pussy and leave a scar

You might own a team, believe the league is ours

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

He was the keeper of the seven keys, eighteen a brick

A hundred and twenty-six thousand in a briefcase, give me my shit

It had the look that said, "I am the power"

The white angel with a scorpion branded across the particles of powder

Martyrs in the tower, owls, apocalyptic hour
Sound of pistol shower, crowning a system that devour
Mysticism shrouded in whispers, profound with an interest
Push a button and blow you up with a bomb from a distance
Like for instance in the parked car across from the precinct
Looking out my window watching your window falling to pieces
Bombing emergency, counterinsurgency, serpents flee
Furnished by me, sponsored courtesy of the murder spree
Using religion, science versus superstition
Came from the future to teach us how we overthrew the system
He lost an eye and several fingers on his right hand
Letterbomb sent to him by unidentified fans
The truth was never revealed, he retired to an island near Fiji
So his past would never reappear
Or so he thought until he caught some unidentifiable virus
They say he has five weeks to live

[Chorus x2]

Eye Is the King by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Eye Is the King

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

My fist is a gun, my fingers is individual pistols
System overload, glitches toe to toe, eye to eye, soul to soul
Walk amongst the lords of war, soldier gore
Calls these invisible walls to fall
Mental slavery, skids a metal prison corridor, cult leader orator
Since I was a shorty y'all busy with the .44
The black flag represent the skull and the guns
It's like selling a MAC-11 to Attila the Hun
The ultimate in cult leaders, adult folk villains
Coke dealings in the champagne room with broke feeling
So fake amongst plastic piranhas
I'mma put you all to sleep in some acid pyjamas
Central intelligence odyssey, mind control biography
MK-Ultra, extraterrestrial sodomy
Way beyond astronomy, double-O like Sean Connery
We walk silently with big silencers violently

[Hook x2]

Everything William Cooper was talking about then is happening now
Malachi York was way ahead of his time too, it's wild
"In the land of the blind the man with one eye is the king"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

My fist is a gun, every finger's an individual sword
You either living with Shaytan or you living with God
I make metal with the cult leader orator
Since I was shorty y'all busy with Bacardi raw
I cock the .44, symphonies by Marley Marl
I would splatter all of y'all, shit y'all never saw before
Vinnie and his dogs of war, bombs the size of soccer balls
Since y'all was inside the walls tortured with the waterboards
Grab him by his throat, take his fucking head and scalp him
I carry black metal like I'm Venom's second album

Support Dr. York, don't believe what's said about him
Strangle non-believers till the fucking redness out him
If we don't like what they saying I guess we have to drown 'em
All they see is the demon lord and death around 'em
I'm made of mercury alloy like I was in amalgam
No matter how you look at it cousin death is the outcome
[Hook x2]

Impaled Nazarene by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Impaled Nazarene

[Intro]

You have seen, you cannot deny it any longer

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Walt Disney was fuckin' Nazi, Illuminati killed Mike Jackson

Barack Obama aware of all their precise action

Look at the dollar bill, they want the fuckin' light blackened

Y'all too stupid and blind to see what might happen

The symbolism from beginning of recorded times

And Hinduism and the spinning of distorted minds

You believe it when the television report the crime

Well I believe that that's irrelevant and falsified

Where was Jesus in the Bible for seventeen years?

He was in Tibet and India and they were his peers

He also lived in the Himalayas and Kashmir

He survived the crucifixion and lived for mad years

They like the idea of war between Arab and Jew

They like the idea of slaughter and massacre too

Knowledge is infinite, it's something you have to pursue

I pray to God on the Shabbat for a pacifist coup

[Interlude]

"To most people who would consider themselves intelligent beings they say; Well that's absurd, what's all this doomsday stuff?"

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Born in the Sudan, raised in America

Aged seven in a new land, raised by the Seraphim

Learned Islam in Mitzrayim

Amongst the pyramids dragged by 'em

From the Nile River later reminisced and drank wine

Return to childhood and crime

Did an upstate bid for three years, out on parole

Now the world is mine

Created his own movement in '69

Nubian Hebrew Mission had arrived, he's alive
Changed his name to Isa Abdullah
Many times after that legally changed his name several times
Level nine, Jackie and The Starlights, made music with passion
Rolls-Royce elegant fashion ready for action
Descendant of aliens from another planet
They said Christ was underhanded
Like King Solomon with many wives
Under marriage many seeds, many heirs to the throne
Ready to die and forever it's told
Similar to this eleven year-old
After being gang-raped at eight memorized the testament scrolls
Front to back he recited the Bible
Word for holy word, Passion of the Christ on arrival
The Branch Davidians took him in then he took 'em over
Claiming the name of David from the book of Jehovah
You'd have thought that he's from Brooklyn
How he had it all sewn up
Till the ATF had him blown up
Out in Waco

[Outro: David Koresh]

"So you know you guys, do it your way, I do it my way. You gonna argue with me, you catch me on the side of the road somewhere, you come and argue with me. You come pointing guns in the direction of my wife, my kids, damn it I'll meet you at the door any time. And I'm sorry some of you guys got shot, but uh... Hey, God will have to sort that out, won't he?"

Children of God by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Never doubt your God, children singing songs about Jihad
Explosions that blow cars over buildings from afar
We the children of a bloodstained revolution
Gun bang, forever shoot and run fam, get your UZI love thing
Retribution Timberland boots, leather gooses
In the undisclosed black bulletproof with the extra shooter
Bought a box of banana clips from these anarchists
Like Tim Osman commanding the ship on dialysis
More pain more gain, 9/11 was a war game
More enemies, more friends, more fame
Listen to propaganda cock the hammer
We can stop a man but how do you destroy an army that's a phantom?
How do you kill a militia that's invisible?
Mystical, peep what official pistols do, kid we invincible
How do you stop the unstoppable, unkillable?
The salvation of God, now sit back and listen to the song y'all

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I heard children sing Allahu Akhbar in Turkey
One had a Russian AK, dirty Iverson jersey
I don't know if it made me proud or if it disturbed me
I guess it's not as bad as kids being fucked by the clergy
Kufi on, Glock cocked moving through the palace
A dead Kennedy in California Über Alles
I'll drink a quart of virgin blood inside a Buddha chalice
I took the head off a Kennedy from the roof in Dallas
Yeah, I wish that Ron Paul ran again
If not then I'mma have to take the lead like Jeff Hanneman
(Seasons of the Abyss), y'all falling for the trap again
.38 leave your fucking body like a mannequin
Yeah, if BILLY blast at you I blast with him
We don't live in a republic, it's just fascism
The Louvre isn't a museum, it's a glass prison
Fuck a class system, listen to the song y'all

Blood Meridian by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I'm like L'Amours in '85, pull out the sawed-off and spray mine
Lord of Chaos perform the séance, burnt sherm up in the trees
ILL BILL, terminal disease, murder the police
Nuns giving blowjobs, gerbils in the priest
My drug cauldron like Buzz Aldrin, I'll put you in a fucking coffin
And toss you off a cliff with a forklift
I'm awesome, so amazing and so fortunate
So if you fuck with my family, I might have to torture your kids
Cover the most villainous gang with carnivorous ants
Screaming in horror while they rip off their skin with their hands
People pay me over the average nation's loss of default
Forcing baby stroller decapitation corporate recalls
Baptized in Babylon, born to run the landmine marathon
The Lamb of God that killed Camelot
Roaming like a renegade samurai
Sodomania, Romania, who rhymes zanier?
I'm the king of Mesopotamia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Manowar in '84, my shine is just sick
Legend of the third degree God, Hiram Abiff
Shut the fuck up, give me the drugs, I don't resist
I'm Mike Vick, kill your dogs, lord violent as shit
I walk around with the ice grill, God, y'all can't stop me
Son of a widow of the tribe of Naphtali
Otherwise known as the stone Hiram-Abi
Bite the head off of the bat while I chant "Ozzy"
See I'm the lion in the yard
My conduct in unfeigned piety to God
Yeah, all of society is scarred

You talking to the wrong motherfuckers if propriety involved
I'm a mix of Black Sabbath and a Black Hebrew
How could something be so good that's that evil?
I paint portraits of pain from Arafat's easel
The .38 in the waist because the MAC diesel

[Outro]

Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
RIP, RIP, RIP, RIP

Oath of the Goat by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Oath of the Goat

[Intro]

One neighborhood will put their barrio on the wall and then, you know, we come in, write next to it or cross em out and they'll cross us back out. And then it gets into um, you know, maybe a fist fight and then maybe guys will get knifed behind it and then shooting and then someone dies. And you know they might wanna get back at us and if they do get back at us we might go down and kill two of em. Then they'll come back and maybe get one of us and we'll go back and get two or three more. It just goes on and on. It don't stop

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Homie, you can call me hot furnace

ILL BILL AKA Nocturnus

Walk up to you at point blank range and pop burners

Walk away like nothing happened

Walking while I'm clapping, laughing while I'm talking

Awesome with the Magnum, spasm with the four-fifth, caution with the asthma

The OG kush we smoke will send your lungs into a spasm

Live fast and we die young, a bunch of live guns

Get your mind flung through space and time

When we rhyme run for the hills Iron Maiden, die in pain

Have your entire society rioting

Flipping over cars violently then fiery

The double gun salute, a hundred guns asking, "Who the fuck is you?"

We the top tier, you could get your head popped here

Stop there, we could earth you and nobody would care

And that's deeper than an unborn

In the womb of a prawn at the bottom of the Indian Ocean in the calm

[Interlude]

What's the worst thing you can imagine? And they'll tell me a shotgun suicide. I'll say, okay yeah shotgun suicide. A person hadn't been found for six weeks. They lived in filth, they were a junkie, they had an animal that was eating them for six weeks. That animal died and then we get called

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'll go anywhere I want, I don't have clearance

Carnivore, don't eat anything that don't have parents

I'm Jihadist, I go to war with God-fearers

Elohim, Rosicrucians, and cross-bearers
I don't sign up for war, it's no enlistment papers
My hands fast, they pyrotechnic initiators
I don't have any close friends, just distant neighbors
'Cause I don't listen to Christians or crucifixion wavers
I don't listen to anyone that ain't been to war
I don't listen to anyone if they ain't been poor
I ain't ever going back to where I been before
And I ain't going fucking back to lose, win, or draw
Tell your whole fucking fam Vinnie P a problem
And my four-fifth sick, it got a sneezing problem
It's the Heavy Metal Kings, you know that we a problem
And y'all ain't saying shit, now y'all have a breathing problem, yeah, ahahahahaha
Heavy Metal Kings
BILLY Ocean, Vincent Price
Ahahahahaha....
Heavy Metal Kings! Rahhhh!

[Outro]

Certainly no one wants to be overly-dramatic about it or glorify it, but to be a gang member is to be a soldier in a guerrilla war. For those who fight it the war no less dangerous and bloody than World War 2 or Vietnam. There is no one enemy, but several, and these enemies are not in some distant land or far-away stronghold. They're across the street, down the road, up the hill, around the corner, all around. There are [?] battles, neutralized? combat with large forces, darkened schoolyards, parks. There's night-time bushwhacking and ambushing. The enemy streaking by in cars, guns blazing or taking careful aim from some secure vantage point, or leaping from hiding places with knives, boards, or shanks...

King Diamond by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! (Yeah, yeah)

Heavy Metal Kings! Brraatt

Yo, BILL, what up baby?

Yeah, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all should stop rhymin'

I'm a G, hardbody, I am not Common

This is destiny, it's not luck, it's not timin'

And Vinnie staying in the hood like he Top Ramen

I ain't ready for the stage until my fourth quart

I'm the definition of bully, a poor sport

However you want it, we can do it on your court

My sword'll cut your shit in half like it's divorce court

I have G in my blood 'cause my pops had it

The straight left hits hard like it's Scott Travis

I don't fuck with anybody who is not savage

The GSG-5 leave your block ravished

I'm not sick, I control the disease

I got Lamas but not the ones that Napoleon feeds

Even the most protected soldier could bleed

Me and you ain't nothin' alike, we a whole different breed

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Yo, sawed-off or automatic, my aura cause static

Traumatic anarchy volcanic is organic

Heavy Metal emperors, kings on the planet

Bring whores and Xanax, think more satanic

X pills, Vicodins, OCs, powder

Haze, OG kush, diesel and sour

Dust, chews, lucies, turbans, and kufis

Handguns, rocket launchers, shotguns, and UZIs

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Imported Italian leather sofas Valencia

Shooters imported from Chechnya

Put 'em underneath the dirt with the rest of ya

The skull and crown on the sword, four pound on ya boy
'Cause entire crowds to applaud, ten thousand or more
Can never be contained, lyrically deranged, clinically insane
Critically acclaimed, I keep the industry afraid
They've been super nervous ever since we escaped
Goons with burners, destiny betrayed, refuse to lose or ever be enslaved
A picture's worth a thousand words but a symbol is worth a thousand pictures
We never fully understood the symbol found in scriptures
Swastikas spray-painted on the pyramids
Sometimes I feel like we're just an experiment
Gold fronted up top to bottoms, cock the llamas
Mossad, Osama, Jihad, Obama, call me the Skull Head
Like Four Horsemen combined in one warhead
You fuck around I'll detonate and leave you all dead

[Hook:]

The Vice of Killing by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

HAHAHAHA

BRATT!

Heavy Metal Kings!

BILLY Idol, Vinnie Apathy

Listen

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's a burgundy bath, everybody get turned into ash

Bein' evil just something I made my personal task

The G36 put you in surgery fast

Everybody die, regardless who first or who last

Death almost got me twice but he mercifully passed

I'll take your face off without using surgical masks

I wouldn't call it an ego but I'm certainly gassed

This isn't the Desert Eagle but it certainly smash

If I don't get money from rhymin', that's a fateful day

I might have to take it back to the kitchen like Rachael Ray

I don't put no work in with bitches, I'm tryna scrape today

Anywhere in my environment is not the place to play

If I'm hungry, in need of food, I'll pull a skully down

I don't fuck with workers, I'm gunnin' whoever run the town

I got enough clips with me to spit a hunnid rounds

I'm the father of Christ and y'all are just the son of clowns

I don't think that y'all can fuck with Vinnie but let's see

I'mma have this fucking Llama looking like Jet Li

Everybody who is anybody respect me

I'll have you bleeding out your back like it's a jet ski

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?

Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will

Through windshields, windpipes and car seats

You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?

Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will

Through windshields, windpipes and car seats

You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Brutal tribes indulge in slavery and human sacrifice
The shooters pack devices capable of proving lack of life
With no compassion, ratchet action, flashing, fashion
Blast for cash, assassins faster than The Flash
Amass a body count, surpass the sound barrier
And shattered by the splatter, rattled you
Waking, shake you sober
Gats that kick back and dislocate your shoulder
Decapitate your head and chop you in half, pop you and laugh
Rob you with gats, find you amongst the cowards and fags
Find me holding the rifle on the watchtower with plans
Don't ever underestimate me or the power of Paz
Lock you in the room with the lion, now how would you last?
You can't fight the king of the jungle, he'll devour you fast
Put you underneath the dirt next to the flowers and grass
At the funeral mommas and dads get showered with gats
You kill one of us and we'll kill one of you, counterattack
Thousands of stacks from hustling these powders and cracks

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 3: Reef the Lost Cauze]

I fucking pick and peel your chain, Official Pistol Gang
From Kill Devil Hills to Pennsylvain, we be gripping change
You little pencil-brains, before I lose to you
I'll cut my nuts and slit my veins
All y'all do is bitch, complain
Henny and pills, plenty of steel
On the block with fifties and krill, word to Vinnie and BILL
In South Philly for real, my hood is guineas and Cambos
N***as and dirty Irish who think that they SAMCRO

And oh, my fan know the stream, fuck the man yo
Now book 'em, Danno, you ain't Rambo
Don't put twenty in your hand bone when my fam roam
That's when the grams go, soft white
My n***as call it that damn snow
And fuck hip-hop, I got sick pot in Ziplocs
I get from stoners in Cali, rockin' flip-flops
One brand is called Sit-Stop 'cause after one hit
That bitch'll have you dancing with the stars like Rick Fox, yeah
[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 4: Sabac]

Yo, we have walked back together to gorillas and wolves
The illest of goons, the room is filled with killers and booze
Pretty soon we breaking in your office building with tools
Assassinate the CEO for catching feelings and moods
The steel at the moon, got us raising hell on the block
If they manipulate us like a pretty face and smelly twat
Tell me what is power, cash, hand, guns, and hoorah
A brutal task between thieves, priests, nuns, and Korans
I'm on a path that has the cash, has bigger and better things
I've been with veteran medicine men headed to Medellín
Bring the noise and avoid the vicious cycle of prison
It's all poison, Kool G Rap, Michael Bivins
Speed of NASCAR, vroom
Madagascar soon, consume a rock star "Ooh!"
Allahu Akbar boom
Wounded and killed, rumors are real
Israeli steel caught your peoples in the grill
Now the tomb is concealed, yah!

Devil's Rebels by Vinnie Paz

[Sample]

Outside the 83rd precinct station house, members of the Devil's Rebels threatened to kill the police who were holding the three gang members. Some of the police ignored the gang's taunts but others did not...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I be the triple six OG homie, melt you like cheese on pepperoni
Death to phonies, the resurrection of Tony
Like Dr. Malachi York in his heyday I'm Dre Day
My brains spray like Jeru when he dropped on Payday
My brainwaves are rocket ships and space planes
Better yet freight trains, better yet AKs
Rainy days make me think about my grandmother and my uncle in the jungle
With a bundle and the junkie gets the hunger
When the humble seen the rumbles in the big park
Cats'll run up on you for a parka
My projects was Clive Barker
It was markers, monsters and conquerors
Corner liquor store robberies
Shoot-outs in front of my school constantly
Kicking over displays in the Milky Way, the filthy way
Fuck around you catch a buck-fifty in your face
5714 Farragut, don't ever come around here on no motherfucking faggot shit
Beat you in the face with the ratchet, kid
Leave you resting in peace on some forever after shit
We them Heavy Metal Kings, let the hammers click
Ready to handle shit, we talented homie, hand me that banana clip

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is books of blood, nothing surrounding me but crooks and thugs
Drinking forties, smoking wakata, cooking drugs
My shit harder than liquor that you would put in pubs
I got Sierra ballistics that you could put in plugs
I put my hand on the Bible, lie to the judge
I didn't even mean to be high, but I was
I guess it's just a procedure to ride with my thugs
I guess I'm just a believer in God just above
Yeah, run up on your car for cream
Alauddin on his deen, na'mean?

I ain't fucking with small shit, only thorough heaters
The ice grill get you robbed, Sergio Martinez
Your whole clique a bunch of broads, y'all all divas
Y'all on some Kanye faggot shit, all skeezers
I always handle the rock, y'all all defense
Dim Mak hit your chest, your heart weakens

[Verse 3: Crypt the Warchild]

We critically acclaimed, lyrically we reign
Clinically insane, Heavy Metal King, Official Pistol Gang
I distribute pain, what seems to be the issue, mane?
My main issue is y'all lame, we ain't the same
So we ain't on the same page, we a different book
You's a gimmick, type-gay, that's a different look
Trust nobody, loyalty is forbidden
So when a n***a turn his back, Paz four-fifth him
Everybody rah rah, I just say they talk
But never sneak the fifty on me like I'm AJ Hawk
Killadelph, Pistolvain, let the melee spark
They barely scratching the surface, how they claim they sharp?
Temple of Doom, goon platoon, we just take their heart
Your shit is terrible, your excuse? You claim it's art
My presence in the vocal booth is like that of God
I try to school them but society is brainwashed

Age of Quarrel by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I got the bandana over my face
So it's impossible to identify the father of atrocity
Modern day Agathocles, use modern machines
Topple regimes, we conquerors from Compton to Queens
We build and destroy, tearing this shit apart from the seams
I seen it with my own eyes, I know it's hard to believe
Till you see yourself starting to bleed
Till you see Moses standing on the edge of a cliff parting a sea
Now we watch the severed head of the Statue of Liberty
Being thrown down on the streets of Manhattan literally
Better yet the head of Daniel Pearl
Welcome to a brand new world
NWO new edition like candy girl
My uncle spent New Year's Eve 2008
On Rikers Island half-asleep with a shank
One eye wide open like the CBS logo
With multinational corporate criminals with Polo fits

[Hook]

"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm the Van Allen radiation belt, I'm the thunder clapper
They call me Kenneth Bianchi from what I've done to rappers
Spiritual difference between the son and master
This the Genesis, I only just begun the chapter
Russian AK's, Pana with the polo on
I was rocking that in '88 before your solo song
Do whatever the fuck I want, I know it's wrong
Call me the proper name of God like Jehovah's mom

Y'all motherfuckers got guns, we got an arsenal
Mao said to read too many books is harmful
Mind is from Harvard, my heart is blacker than charcoal
Hold the pen so tight, damage my metacarpals
Y'all should take mescaline tabs, I think it's sound advice
I'm the molecular biology of paradise
I am Satanist, I am Buddha, and I am Christ
I'm Cus D'Amato in '84, I'm Iron Mike

[Hook]

Metal in Your Mouth by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Metal in Your Mouth

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a motherfucking chainsaw, see everything it remain raw
Why you think we brought Q-Unique and Slaine for?
The same reason that Henry the 8th was king for
The same reason Kaczynski was in the bing for
The thoughts going through Tyson's mind in his ring walk
If it's beef I suggest to you that you bring chalk
Everything is more merciless than a Ming thought
You in county and thought that you speaking bing talk

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]

After the game ends I'm blasting from Gravesend
You rapping for gay men, I'm a master of mayhem
Hah, the city's a pool of devils and sin
I give you the tools that'll sever your skin
Slice with the hands of a track assassin
Choking a victim keeping the gat from blasting
I'm hoping and wishing these streets let me stack from rapping
I'm speaking a crack holding a Magnum cannon, Q's glamming

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 3: ILL BILL]

I'm ghetto like Strawberry in a limo copping rocks in Queensbridge
Real shit, keep your weapons concealed kid
This is for soldiers that chose to ride, those that died

Logo made of skulls and nines, murderers multiply
Souls divide those that know the road survive, scope the sky
Vultures fly, Desert Eagle chrome collide, close your eyes
It's the hellion, my rebellion retaliate
I'll have the whole New York State aiming at your face

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 4: Slaine]

I was on a crash course with the cemetery on a task force
Shooting for the skies, I'd do anything to blast off
Rewind it '99 fuck it now fast forward
If I could see today, this is everything I asked for
Back then I had nothing, I could rap my ass off
I'm on a corner spitting raps twisting caps off
Now here I am today, people, see this is what you asked for
Not the man, not the myth, I'm your superhero with his mask off

Terror Network by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Let's face it, someone in the CIA who has commanded wars around the world, sent people off to die which is the, you know, is the ultimate ego trip for a Pentagon type of person. The ultimate power that a human being can have is to send other humans off to die. Not to send just one individual to the gas chamber but send five thousand off to die...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

When your army approaches my castle
They see the decapitated heads of my enemies
Stabbed and hanging from every branch in every tree
The destiny of the truth is to be hidden
Yet the truth is right in front of your eyes, it's written
Rituals of the forbidden, NERF herders cast spells during Black Metal church murders
Nerds with burners, beware of virgin murderers
Perverted ones, inverted nuns, fun with lysergic drugs
An orgy of the damned in the Church of Love
A thunder clap comparable to the burst of guns
Get your fucking face blown off by the inertia pulse
Murder cult, burn-n-blow, vertigo, hollow tips insertable
Pop your head open like a convertible
A cross between Charles Bronson and Fred Williamson
Fuck with me, car bombings and dead stick-up kids
The Devil feasts upon the souls of cowards
Horrifying like golden showers and exploding towers, listen!

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]

Stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn't see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy's life
Yo, stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn't see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy's life

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Who built the pyramids in Georgia?
Malachi York and they extort him

They took the fucking facts and they distort 'em
I'm the fucking horseman, I draw a line in the sand
Another order of the Sufis out of Sudan, yeah
That doesn't mean that I'm an honorable man
It means that understanding understood and I understand
Yeah have understanding of Leviathan plan
Have understanding of the dying of man
Y'all gonna push the God, make him turn into a goon
Have me turning into Abraham and worshipping the on
Put a spell on your son, curse him in the womb
Go to Hell with the nuns, they perverted too
Yeah it's only mathematics spit
I speak ancient Greek and Galilean and Arabic
I read the revised Koran, Circle Seven
The God degree inside me and my brethren

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu) by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu)

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a fucking warlord, what the fuck is you kiddin?
The gun's always by my side, it's a juxtaposition
I believe in Isa but I don't fuck with the Christian
Ultimate killing machine, I kill puppies and kittens
I kill anybody cousin, why the fuck is you living?
I take mines while you faggots is stuck what you given
I don't envy y'all dirtbags' current position
Eating Crown Chicken stuck on the bus with your pigeon
I kill 'em all with my bare hands or the homie's shot
And fuck around with more grams than Naomi Watts
It's either war with myself or it's a holy plot
John Tardy, I hope that you faggots slowly rot
I hit you motherfuckers in the head leaving bruises
And if the Tea Party win America loses
My hands clean but I still get you touched like masseuses
My therapist told me that working with me is just useless

[Hook]x2

Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Rebel conflict, military all green
Glenwood Projects, 57-14
Money buys life or death
The best surgeons are the death merchants
Depressed urges lead to confessed murders
My whole family was in the projects
Paint chips we didn't have to eat 'cause Ruthy got wrecked
Pissy elevators, Marcus poured coke out his pockets
11 years old talking about he's hoping to profit

We were the children of foreigners born with the American dream
But then my uncle was a heroin fiend
And there were things that he once assumed that he would never achieve
His legacy has affected people of every creed
Every religion and race, time or place, Earth or space
It's infinite, Uncle Howie Records is the name
I'mma speak my philosophy, you speak yours
I'mma teach my seeds well homie, you teach yours
As I walk through the valley of death I fear no evil
Only the evil hidden in my heart could cause people
To throw prods in your face, even more lethal
Written in all Hebrew, fighting to break the spell of Kingu
Sent to notify the people blinded in their mental
Call me Paul Revere, war is here, listen careful
Orchestrate assassinations and massacres
Kidnap ambassadors, coronate kings, and kill savages

The Crown Is Mine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Crown Is Mine

[Intro]

Yo...

The crown is mine

Yeah, the crown is mine

Yo... Heavy Metal Kings

Check it

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I'm the numerical value of death

Nine double-M, shower lead and explosives

Powder keg that engulf and devour men

South of Heaven in the mouth of madness

Shouting at the casket, these idiots is drowning in the vastness

My science is accurate

While your favorite rappers be dying by accident

In the closet like David Carradine

Who the last man standing, who survive?

How can a man that stand on top of the water be crucified?

I never been the type to throw stones in glass houses

I'd rather throw lightning bolts and terrorize thousands

Make it happen when I lace the captain

Ran up in the Chase Manhattan

You can't see my face, I'm masking, now taste my ratchet

It's the Cult Leader, the Isa, Mohammed of terror

Every morning wake up and see God in the mirror

The truth-speaker, I'm the universal chronicle bearer

Like Charles Manson being interviewed by Geraldo Rivera

[Chorus]

"The crown is mine—

The crown is mine—

The crown is mine—

The crown is mine"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is Heavy Metal Kings, hardbody shit, sniffing white
I'm concerned with dying, y'all are concerned with living life
I'm in the Church of Anton while y'all are kissing Christ
You ain't fucking around with BILLY or with Vincent Price
I have love for distance, I am the resistance
I am godly while y'all are just lacking some specifics
I study bullet trajectory, it's my love for physics
Chicken ain't got nothing to do with my love for biscuits
I am cancerous, everything that's around me dies
I am scandalous, everything that comes out me lies
I believe that you got weaponry but I doubt the size
You won't see me on anything, I'm poking out your eyes
A bunch of John Wayne Gacys, fucking clowns
Any of y'all that don't embrace me, knuckle down
I don't fuck with small pay, at least a couple pounds
I don't need twelve to trash y'all, give me a couple rounds

[Outro]

Yeah, hahaha... Braat...

Vinnie Appice! Braat...

Official Pistol Gang! O'Drama Vin Laden!

La Coka! BILLY Idol... We mobbing on you motherfuckers!!

Heavy Metal Kings... Hahahahaha... Pazienza, ILL BILL

Lyrics.lol :: Splatterfest by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's no quality on the mic that I don't have
My hands punch through a rock like an Apollo jab
When I was young I used to follow dad
And watch how he would handle more beef than a McDonald's ad
I'm from a time of Alpina glasses and Diadoras
Fuck around with me your family's gonna need a florist
It's no question who running rap 'cause we the rawest
Hit your head with the thunder clap, you see in Horus
I love my mother to death for giving birth to me
I ain't even seeing red no more, it's burgundy
All these bitches is just birds to me
And hearing of another dead cop quenches a thirst in me
Anything that is godly is the reverse of me
The home of Richard Ramirez is like a church to me
I keep a razor in my mouth, it's like a Certs to me
The way I cut your fucking face is like a surgery

[Chorus]

Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"
Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Black operation, black tie ritual, black magic
Black carpet event on the Black Sabbath
Black helicopter, black metal, black Magnum
Black Berkowitz in a cell with black Manson
My brain's strange from taking contaminated acid
While you be selling your soul we assassinate assassins
Spray up weddings and funerals, splatter banquets

Bang automatic ratchets and broadcast the transcript
We staring down the barrel of another 9/11
Souls condemned to burn in Hellfire cry for Heaven
Blood money turn the most innocent minds to weapons
Turn children to killers carrying knives in trenches
Selling crack in the rain on the benches with a vengeance
Make a dramatic entrance like the train scene in Death Wish
Spray automatics reckless, leave your brains leaking headless
Pulling out the heavy metal K in broad day and end this

[Chorus]

Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"
Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"

[Outro]

"And then blood floods the lawn
Throwing a body on my lawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

The Final Call by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Houston police say that the CIA and the FBI both say that Carnaby never worked for either agency, but his family tells a very different story, saying the 52 year-old spent about thirty years serving his country"

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Ayo the pilot had his gun drawn
Like when the shoe-bomber Richard Reid bit that stewardess' thumb off
You're done for
When you die, you go to Heaven, till then welcome to Hell Spawn
Celtic Frost at the Felt Forum, I'm never wrong
Stop acting tough, smart criminals can steal more money
With laptops than with a mask or a gun
Intelligent, relevant heretic, elegant terrorists
Presenting death sentences with malevolent eloquence
Label you larger than Hajj and spark a Jihad
Adolescent martyrs in mosques, the Sunnis? are bombs?
While the lords of war barter their arms
Concentration broken by the sound of fight jets barking at God
Gat shooters they snatch AKs and chains
My shooters snatch planes and cause international mayhem
In the mountains of Caucasia
Caught four Pagans in an orgy with lord Satan
Onward the war rages

[Chorus: ILL BILL]

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call
I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Phony money and economics

That's the shit predicted by the prophets
Black guns, Black Helicopters
What is the connection between Jesus and the Shriners?
What is the connection to the virus and Osiris?
That's why the gun is always on the hip
I learned to never sleep on Devil and to come equipped
I don't never speak on nothing, always button-lipped
Whether it's why the sun exists or if it's rugged shit
Y'all are devilish and Vinnie move with God power
I called Bill, told him meet me at the God hour
It's never been a question whether or not I'm star power
The only question is whether or not the God's sour
Yeah, in other words sick of the Amorite
Reverend Dr. Malachi Z. York had it right
Dealing with sound right reasoning and acting right
Teaching people how to handle ratchets and a hatchet right

[Chorus: ILL BILL]

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call
I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call